

FLYING SAUCER

NUMBER 19



UNITED AERIAL PHENOMENA AGENCY
DIGEST

CONTENTS



EDITORIAL	page 3
RECENT NEWS AND RUMORS	page 3
THE UFO'S OF 1942	page 4
MYSTERY LIGHT	page 10
UFO TUNE	page 10
KNOW YOUR UFOLOGISTS	page 11
THEY ARE EVERYWHERE	page 12

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Editorial



Much has been said of the "Congress of Scientific UFOlogists". Such things as they should disban or they are not as big as we are, or they form many projects and never complete them, or why don't we hear more of them, or they have silent leaders, or what have they done, etc. Well, I would like to say this to all those psuedo UFOlogists-- First, most of the criticism comes from the age group 16-21. Before they were born we were in UFOlogy and, I may add, before they were out of elementary school we had our first "Congress of Scientific UFOlogists" session. I also will interject that the first session was strictly experimental.

Second, it was the largest UFO organization in the world with world membership.

Third, all someone has to do is read the "Journal" to find out the projects that were accomplished.

Fourth, Unity in UFOlogy was established for the first time, over eight years ago, through the "Congress".

Fifth, the "Congress" is a non-profit organization operating on funds usually from the hard-core members and always from the founders.

Sixth, the "Congress" will not fold, no matter how much pressure the USAF or groups that do not want Unity in UFOlogy put on. Because without unity among UFOlogical groups and/or individual researchers, the UFO enigma will fold. Dr. Condon tried hard with his report, but with unity, the UFO problem is kept alive, just like the "Congress of Scientific UFOlogists".

In summation, I resign the post of Chairman and turn this very difficult job over to Rick Hilberg, who is one of the original founders and a personal friend as well as a hellava fighter.

I will continue to act as advisor as long as he permits me to.

Allan J. Manak
Chairman Emeritus

Recent news & rumors

NEW THEORY COMING INTO ITS OWN CALLED THE "Duration Block" WHEREAS THE UFO'S ARE HERE FOR THE TIME IT TAKES MAN ON EARTH TO COME TOGETHER--MORE AND MORE STRANGE, SO CALLED MONSTERS, WERE SEEN THE LAST TWO MONTHS. THESE STRANGE CREATURES WERE SEEN IN THE PENNSYLVANIA, OHIO, INDIANA AREA--TWO MORE PUBLICATIONS QUIT PUBLISHING--*The Congress of Scientific UFOlogists* TO GO UNDERGROUND BY THE END OF THIS YEAR. IN FACT UFOLOGY, AS A WHOLE, MAY ALSO FOLLOW--A MOVEMENT BEING FORMED BY PAST LEADERS IN UFOLOGY TO KEEP INFORMATION IN PRIVATE CIRCLES AND UNDERGROUND, SO AS TO STOP THE CONFLICT BETWEEN EACH OTHER IS IN THE MAKING. THE ONLY WAY ONE CAN GET INTO THIS MOVEMENT IS TO BE ASKED, AND ONLY WHEN THE PARTY IN QUESTION IS CLEARED--*Phenomenology* MAGAZINE, OUR SISTER MAGAZINE, IS DOING VERY WELL. MR. HILBERG TOOK THE MAGAZINE OVER SO AS TO LET MR. PELGER DONATE MORE TIME TO HIS ART WORK. SEE AD ELSEWHERE IN THIS MAGAZINE FOR DETAILS IN OBTAINING *Phenomenology*, THE FASTEST GROWING OCCULT MAGAZINE TODAY.

The UFOs of 1942

Exploring the Unknown, Vol. 8, No. 6
September 1968

Paul T. Collins

Five years before Kenneth Arnold reported seeing something which a too-clever journalist dubbed "flying saucers" a brief but strange skirmish took place on the Pacific Coast, in the area between Santa Monica and Long Beach.

*By the rocket's red glare,
The bombs bursting in air,
With ack-ack a-screaming
Midst searchlights' vast gleaming
'Gainst a star spangled sky--
O, Say! Did you see that UFO,
O'er the ramparts we watched
So perilously drifting
'Fore the dawn's early light,
'Bove the Long Beach pier
In War II's first year?
WHOSE craft, so loudly hail'd,
Thus nonchalantly sail'd
Thro' wave after wave
Of red hot steel?
What proof in the night
Of man's silly plight,
Spitting in the face
OF THIS TITAN FROM SPACE!*

WITH PROFOUND APOLOGIES TO FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, whose noble lines so dramatically portrayed the defense of Fort McHenry in 1814, and with a bow to Nostradamus, I submit the foregoing parody to commemorate the 25th anniversary of the first actual battle in the history of the United States in which anti-aircraft batteries opened fire in defense of this continent.

If any two cabinet members, any two high ranking military authorities, or any two field commanders, had agreed upon what happened on the Pacific coast between Santa Monica and Long Beach in the early morning hours of a winter's day in 1942, the whole show would undoubtedly have sunk into oblivion as a relatively minor "engagement" in the opening months of our participation in World War II. However, there was no such concurrence. Their conflicting testimonies, bewildered reactions, and contradictory news releases at that time, coupled with a recent statement from the Department of Defense that they had *no record of the event*, only deepened the mystery.

Furthermore, all evidence, notwithstanding censorship, points to a conspiracy of silence on the part of those who were in a position to know what really happened. It therefore appears that the recording of this unmentionable episode in the history of our country is going to be left to such ordinary folk as cowboys and mechanics, and to the "gee-whiz, look!" element of society, as a certain very prominent college professor calls us. *One* of us, I thought, should piece together the story within the story before it is too late to exhume eye-witness accounts, and the real significance

of it is overlooked.

It was five years before Kenneth Arnold's historical sighting of UFOs in the Pacific northwest.

Wednesday, February 25, 1942, at least a million southern Californians awakened to the scream of air raid sirens as Los Angeles County cities blacked out at 2:25 a.m. Many dozed off again as 12,000 air raid wardens reported faithfully to their posts, most of them expecting nothing more than a dress rehearsal for a future event we all hoped would never happen. At 3:16 a.m., however, they were shocked, and their slumbering families rudely roused again, this time by sounds unfamiliar to most Americans outside the military services.

The roar of the 37th Coast Artillery Brigade's anti-aircraft batteries jolted them out of bed, and before they could get to the windows the flashing 12.8 lb. shells were detonating with a heavy, ominous boomp - boomp - boomp, and the rain of steel was already falling. All radio stations were ordered off the air at 3:08 a.m. We didn't need them; the news was being written with fingers of light three miles high on a clear, star-studded blackboard thirty miles long for all to see and hear--and feel.

Intermittently the firing continued till 4:14 a.m. Pavement was pierced and several homes and public buildings were hit by unexploded shells. The damage was intensive on these direct hits, but was limited to a relatively few structures. Three people were killed and three died of heart attacks directly attributable to the one hour barrage. Shrapnel injuries were sustained by a few people, one of whom was released from an emergency hospital after he had his scalp sewed up. A dairy herd suffered a direct hit with but few casualties. The blackout was lifted and sirens screamed all-clear at 7:21 a.m., followed by the worst traffic jam in the history of the whole metropolitan area as munitions workers fought office workers in another battle going to work. Radio came back at 8:23.

"Meanwhile--back at headquarters"--the boards were lighting up. The shooting was ended, but the shouting hadn't yet begun. Military men who never flinched at the roar of guns now sweated at the prospect of facing the press. And while they probably could not be blamed for what had just happened, they did have some reason to be distressed. What was that Thing--that, well, let's face it--that unidentifiable object, caught by the searchlights and so beautifully posed for army and press photographers alike? Blinding beams of light from every direction pinpointed that--top?--balloon?--dirigible?

Amazement, written deep in the faces of experts scrutinizing the pictures, gave way to consternation as the truth of the matter dawned upon them. There, floating casually in a clear sky, was an object big enough to dwarf an apartment house. Experienced lighter-than-air (dirigible) experts doubted it could be a Japanese blimp, because the Japanese had no known source of helium, and hydrogen was much too dangerous to use in combat conditions. A glistening, polished target, it was a sitting duck for the guns of the 37th. There, in fact, for any casual observer to see, were shells bursting all around it and against it. Frame after frame; a HERALD EXPRESS staff writer said he was sure many shells burst directly in the middle of the object. He could not believe that it could not be shot down.

Was this what had triggered the air raid alarm and drawn 1430 rounds of ammo from the Coast Artillery? And they couldn't knock it down? Anyway, the fact was, they didn't. When it had moved at all, the Thing had proceeded at a very leisurely and

unworried pace, considering the reception it got, over the coastal cities between Santa Monica and Long Beach, taking about 30 minutes of actual "flight time" to move 20 miles; then disappeared from view into the unknown. Impossible!

This was the world premiere--Hollywood style--of a baffling and dramatic show that took place on a night all government officials and military men would like to forget. At that time not one person could have imagined that the strangely timed appearance of this mysterious invader prestaged a program of expenditures of untold billions of dollars for probing into the space from which that eerie monster and many others like it came. Now; billions to try to learn where they come from what they are, how they operate, and above all--who "flies" them.

It can well be imagined with what chagrin public information officers answered the queries of the press. Many things looked embarrassing; nevertheless the Pasadena Office of the Southern California Sector of the Army Western Defense Command parried the first round in their battle with reporters by announcing: 1. *No enemy aircraft had been identified.* 2. *No craft was shot down.* 3. *No bombs were dropped.* 4. *None of our interceptors had left the ground in pursuit of the invader, either to attempt identification of, or engage in combat with, It.*

Warily they avoided saying whether or not any airplanes had been seen! During the night, however, some experienced, sober, trained eyes had been searching the zenith for approaching aircraft, the logical supposition under the circumstances. What they saw--as well as what they did not see--was carefully noted; this intelligence was promptly communicated to the authorities in Washington, where U. S. Navy Secretary Knox announced that no planes had been sighted, and the coastal firing had been triggered by a false alarm and jittery nerves. He also suggested that some coastwise war industries might have to be moved inland to points invulnerable to attacks from enemy subs and carrier-based planes.

The reaction was instant and thunderous as the big guns of the press let the navy have it, broadside, dead center, page one in scathing editorials calling attention to the loss of life and denouncing the use of the coast artillery to fire at phantoms. The TIMES demanded a full explanation from Washington, while Representative Leland Ford of Santa Monica alluded to the event as a political raid. The LONG BEACH PRESS TELEGRAM fired the next salvo, hinting this was a rigged show, referring to the affair as a studied propaganda barrage by government officials who wanted to move industries inland. The LONG BEACH INDEPENDENT followed with this blast: "There is a mysterious reticence about the whole affair and it appears some form of censorship is trying to halt discussion of the matter. Although it was red hot news not one national radio commentator gave it more than passing mention. This is the kind of reticence that is making the American people gravely suspect the motives and the competence of those whom they have charged with the conduct of the war."

The INDEPENDENT has good reason to question the competence of some of the personnel responsible for our coastal defense operations, as well as the integrity and motives of our government officials at that time. The stench of Pearl Harbor was still biting our nostrils when, only 36 hours before the Long Beach air raid, a gigantic Japanese submarine had surfaced close to shore 12 miles north of Santa Barbara and in 25 minutes of deliberate and unchallenged firing lobbed 25 5-inch shells at the refinery in the Elwood Oil Field. The 4th Interceptor Command was fully aware of the sub's attack, and ordered a blackout from Ventura to Goleta, but sent no planes out to sink it. Not one shot was fired at the sub, and if the coast guard sent any ships against it they had arrived too late for the party.

Now it should be acknowledged that after the Elwood incident had alerted all the west coast defense units to possible repeat attacks in the near future, these units were pretty sensitive to anticipated invasion attempts. By Wednesday morning in the Los Angeles area they were ready to shoot at a boys' kite if it had resembled a small plane or a balloon. Secretary of War Stimson praised the 37th Coast Artillery for this attitude and its resultant action that morning when he stated, "It is better to be a little too alert than not alert enough." At the same time, he hinted that it might have been advisable to have sent some of our planes up to identify the invading aircraft before shooting at them.

Planes of the 4th Interceptor Command were, in fact, warming up on the runways waiting for orders to go up and "interview" the unknown visitors. Why, everybody was asking, were they not ordered to go into action during the 51 minute period between the first air raid alert at 2:25 a.m. and the first artillery firing at 3:16 a.m.? There had been plenty of time to get up there and identify the enemy planes, if any, and persuade them to take a powder.

Against this background of embarrassing indecision and confusion that seemed to hold everyone in its grip AWDC obviously had to say something real quick. So the next reports were headlines, FROM ONE TO FIFTY PLANES, sighted. (LOST ANGELES EVENING HERALD & EXPRESS). Thereby AWDC public information officers gave themselves ample latitude in which to adjust future stories to fit whatever propaganda requirements might arise in the next few days. When eye-witness reports from thousands searching the skies with binoculars under the bright lights of the coast artillery verified the presence of one enormous, unidentifiable, indestructible object, but not the presence of large numbers of planes, the press releases were gradually scaled downwards. A week later, General Mark Clark wrapped it all up by admitting that army listening posts had detected what they thought were five light planes approaching the coast on the night of the Long Beach air raid. No interceptors, he said, had been sent out to engage them because there had been no mass attack. Some observers thought the general would have come even closer to the truth if he had omitted the word "mass" from his communique.

This is no reflection on the integrity of individuals on the scene who reported aircraft sightings that night; no one person could have seen everything, and no one has complete knowledge of the event. Believing an aerial bombardment was in progress, some people thought they saw formations of warplanes, dog-fights between enemy craft and our fighter planes, and other things they assumed were evidence of such an attack. Obviously, there were no dog-fights, because none of our interceptors were in the air. Tracer bullets were fired from military ground stations, and some people mistook the fire pattern made by those projectiles for aerial combat. Other lighted objects, variously described as: Roman candles, or, red and white flares in groups of three-red and three-white, fired alternately, or, chain-like strings of red lights, looking something like an illuminated kite, were observed.

It was assumed that some of these lights were caused by Japanese-Americans signalling approaching Japanese aircraft with flares to guide them onto selected targets, but as no bombs were dropped this theory wilted. Such assumptions fitted in perfectly with a terrific press campaign to round up all residents of Japanese descent and put them in concentration camps, and during the week of the Japanese submarine attack on the Elwood Oil Field and the air raid on Los Angeles County the press took full advantage of the made-to-order situation. Arrests of suspects were quickly made, and the F.B.I. was called in, but the LONG BEACH-PRESS TELEGRAM stated, "All investigations indicated nobody was signalling the enemy from the ground."

It is impossible for anyone to deny that enemy planes might have been over our cities, or that they were being signalled by their spies from prearranged locations that night. It cannot be denied that there was some evidence of both. In fact I was among the million or more people who at that time assumed we were under aerial attack. Not until later did any of us question the origin and nature of the phenomenal "show".

My own personal testimony would be of little significance if I had not noticed a strange pattern of movement in certain bright red spots of light in the sky over Long Beach. It was a pattern which could not possibly have been made by any man-made object, or by beams of light, either from the ground or from aircraft.

A few days before the "raid" I had been put on the swing shift at the Long Beach plant, of the Douglas Aircraft Co. When I left the plant the night of the raid, there was no alert in effect. Driving north on Rosemead Boulevard I was unaware when the alert sounded, as I did not hear any sirens, and the little towns I passed through had been darkened already for many hours. In Temple City just as I passed a private residence somebody dashed out of the front door, waving a flashlight. Alone, and a little sleepy from my unaccustomed night hours and the long drive, I paid no attention to it and drove on, not wishing to risk becoming involved in something I was not concerned with. A few minutes later, however, as I drove north on what was then called North Foothill Boulevard, in Pasadena, I was confronted and stopped by three people with flashlights in the street near St. Luke's Hospital. One, an air raid warden, told me there was an alert and I must turn out my lights and stay parked beside the road until the all-clear sounded.

I got out of my car and chatted with the little group as other motorists approached and were stopped. One of these was an air force pilot. At that moment I don't believe any of us was aware that the alert was anything but a practice. The wind whistled down out of Eaton Canyon from the icy heights of Mt. Wilson. I was shivering with cold, and rather impatient at being detained for what seemed like a long period just for practice. Pacing back and forth across the street trying to keep warm, I suddenly saw bright red spots of light low on the horizon to the south. "What's that?" I exclaimed, pointing toward Long Beach. Everybody saw them. The eerie lights were behaving strangely. They seemed to be "functioning" or navigating mostly on a level plane at that moment--that is, not rising up from the ground in an arc, or trajectory, or in a straight line and then falling back to earth, but appearing from nowhere and then zigzagging from side to side. Some disappeared, not diminishing in brilliance at all, but just vanishing into the night. Others remained pretty much on the same level and we could only guess their elevation to be about ten thousand feet.

In less than five minutes at least half a dozen angry red flashes rent the sky among the odd little spots of red light. This was followed in about 100 seconds by the dull, cushioned boomp - boomp - boomp of the bursting shells. Then I got the picture. One of the anti-aircraft batteries around the Douglas Aircraft plant, Dougherty Field, or the Signal Hill Oil Field had fired a salvo into the moving spots of red light in an effort to shoot down whatever "craft" made them. The 100-second delay in the sound transmission made my guess a good one, because where we stood in Pasadena was about twenty miles from the aircraft factory.

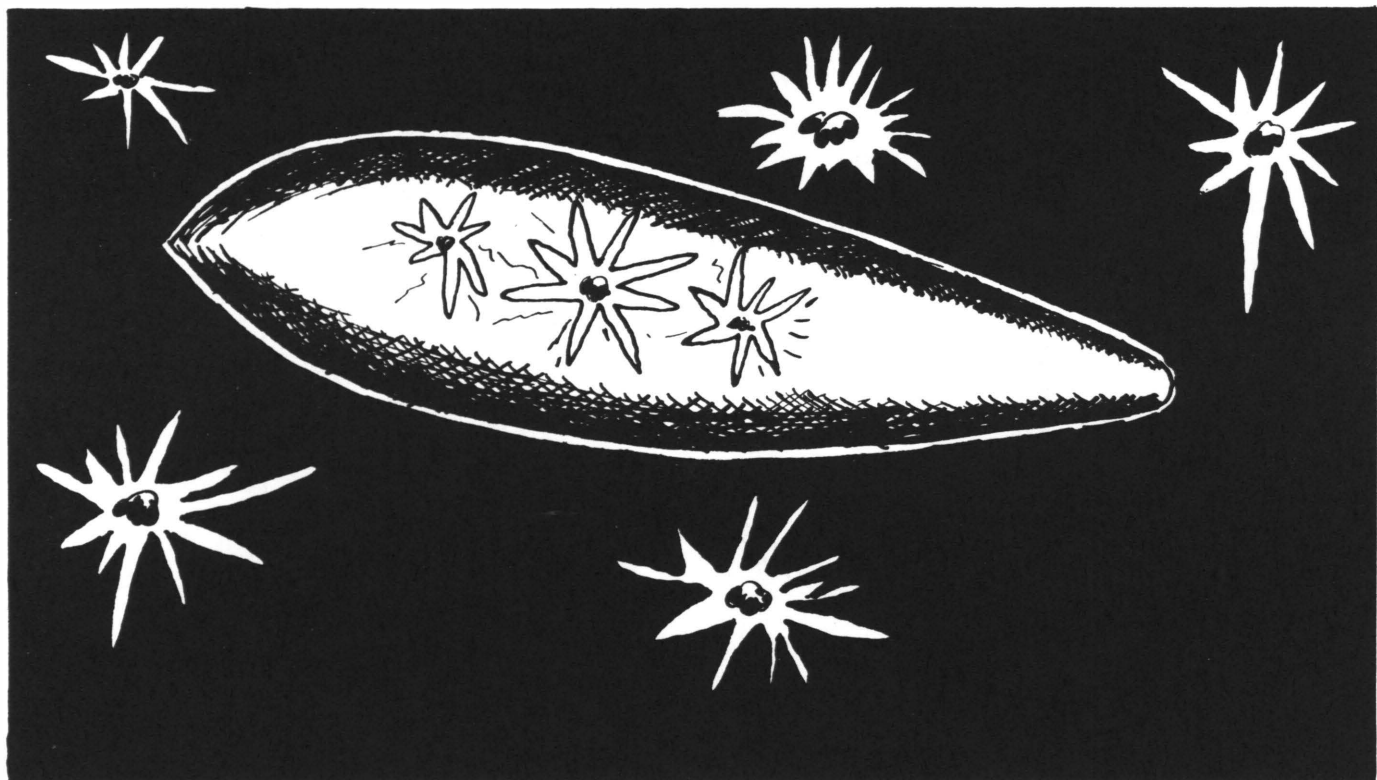
After the first exclamations of surprise had simmered down into a low, excited conversation I remarked to the air force pilot in the little group that I didn't think any man-made device could possibly maneuver in the manner shown by those strange spots of light. Following the shell bursts, they only seemed to revel in making great swoops around the area as though defying the gunners on the ground to shoot

again! (Parenthetically I must say here that in two separate very clear sightings of small UFOs many years later this feeling of sheer playfulness on the part of these little objects as they flipped and frolicked among the clouds over Padadena in some way struck a blithe and sympathetic chord in me, and I must confess that I believe there is conscious enjoyment of the experience by the intelligences guiding them). A quarter century ago, there in the shivering cold of early morning, none of us had ever heard of any such thing as a UFO.

The pilot agreed with me there were no missiles yet developed that could be controlled in such orbits as those sporty little Things were making at that very moment, while the gunners opened fire on them from several more, widely separated, batteries. In other words, we had no guided missiles at that time. Later, in a press interview, a petroleum company executive whose Altadena home was high in the foothills of the San Gabriel Mts. above us, described the sight as a ring of fire around Long Beach. He, as well as many others, also saw the strange performance of those trajectory-defying red spots of light.

Taking into account our distance from Long Beach, the extensive pattern of firing from widely separated anti-aircraft batteries, and the movement of the unidentified red objects among and around the bursting shells in wide orbits, we estimated their top speed conservatively to be five miles per second. Whatever these Things were, it is my belief that the firing was directed at them, and not at conventional aircraft.

We did not see the enormous UFO seen by thousands of observers closer to the coast. Very likely it was below our horizon and a few miles farther up the coast at that time. I do not know if it was the "mother space ship" for those cavorting screw-balls we saw over Long Beach, but it may well have been just that, and I doubt very much if the simultaneous appearance of both the big craft and the many little ones was a coincidence.



Mystery Light

The Plain Dealer
August, 1971

A lot of people began seeing peculiar red lights over Lake Erie about 10 o'clock last night.

The radar people at Cleveland Hopkins International Airport started to pick up blips that they could not identify about three miles off Rocky River.

You can imagine, then, what a tizzy everyone must have been in.

People called the police in Lakewood, Bay Village and Rocky River. They called Burke Lakefront Airport and The Plain Dealer. They wanted to find out what was going on.

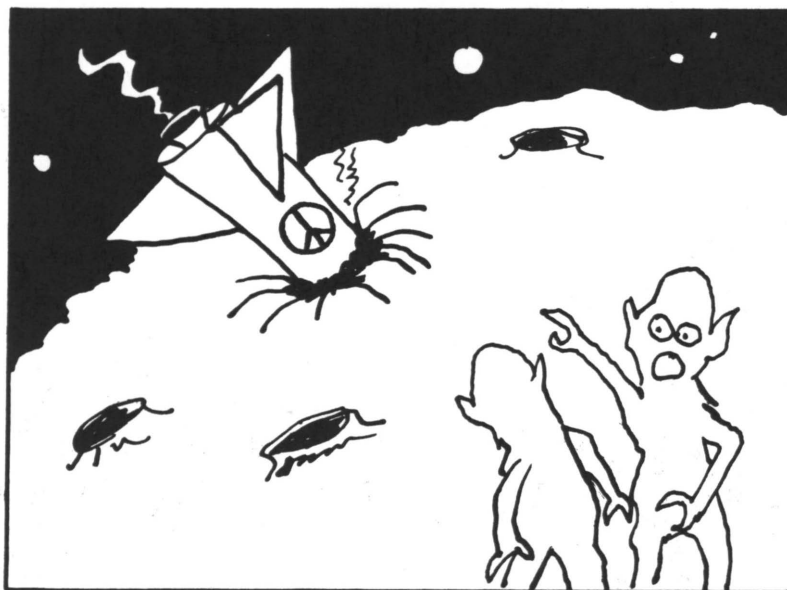
It turned out that some smart Alec out in his boat evidently was sending up helium-filled balloons with truck flares attached to them just to scare everybody.

That was discovered by a private plane out of Hopkins which was over the lake at the time.

It circled one of the balloons for about 10 minutes and identified it for the airport operations people.

The Coast Guard, alerted to what was going on, sent up a helicopter to try to find the person in the boat, who apparently did not know that this kind of practical joking is against the law--in fact, against two laws.

The Federal Aviation Administration says you cannot send up flares above 500 feet because it tends to disrupt air traffic. And local ordinances say you cannot send them up at all, because if they should come loose and fall they could cause fires.



*I'd know that symbol anywhere ZYX.
It's the symbol of the American chicken.*

KNOW YOUR UFOLOGISTS

Ronald Jos. Pelger never used to believe in such things as UFO's back in the late 40's. It was not until in 1953 that he began to give in a little and start wondering whether this so-called fiction and imagination could possibly be the reality.

In 1953, he saw a bright glowing ball-shaped object hanging motionless in the clear summer sky. Suddenly the object began a pendulum movement as it flew across the northern horizon. This sighting began Ron on a mystery hunt which has lasted for many years. He has traveled and met with many well-known UFOlogists to learn vital knowledge and findings in the UFO field. He has listened to many theories on the subject and filed away countless numbers of sighting stories in his head. One of his favorite cases is the Socorro, New Mexico landing. Out of all the many interesting cases, he believes this is the most truthful.

In 1961, while in the service on maneuvers, Ron photographed an unidentified object. Five years later, while in California on vacation, Ron photographed on 8mm film 25 feet of an unknown object. This film caused some varied comments among the UFOlogists the world over.

To this day Ron's film is considered one of the best in UFOdom.

Ron helped ignite the "Flying Saucer Digest" along with Allan Manak back in 1967. Since then it has become the leading magazine on this subject. All the illustrations were originally drawn and inked on the drawing board of Ron Pelger. He has done every cover since the founding of the magazine.

Ron has been a member of numerous UFO organizations and a strong member of the Congress of Scientific UFOlogists.

Many people have asked Ron for his theories on the UFOlogical subject. One of his pet theories is the "Dimensional Fault Zone Theory". This being a very touchy and deep theory prevents us from getting into it now as we would fill up many pages of this magazine. (See his article on this theory in F.S.D. issue #11, Fall 1969, page 10).

Ron goes on to express that for those who are just finding the subject of UFO's interesting enough to get into should certainly start at the bottom by reading at least 100 books written on UFO's. Then, when finished, read another 100. The history, thus far, has been written in these books and that is where the knowledge is. Of course, there are some books that are not recommended which are more of the fictional type rather than factual.

Ron gives his present up-to-date thinking of the UFO matter, what they are, where they're from, why they're here. . . and he says, "I simply don't know!" That's right, after all these years studying the subject--I just don't know."

They are everywhere

National Bulletin, May 10, 1971

Human beings are simply pawns in the games of alien minds that control our every move. Our whole life and the complete existence of this universe is at the whim of these creatures that hold fantastic mental powers over us.

So says Fred Hoyle, the famed British astrophysicist and author.

"They are everywhere," he said in a special press conference held in London, "in the sky, on the sea and on the earth. They have been here since the beginning of time and control nearly everything we do!"

Hoyle told the press conference that a large part of the scientific establishment is convinced that another intelligence exists on this planet.

It is not an intelligence from another planet. It is actually from another universe. It entered our universe at the very beginning and has been controlling all that has happened since."

Hoyle explained the many reasons why the majority of people had no idea of this.

"Panic is the major reason that no general announcement was ever made," he said. "But there have been some books out on the theory.

"But the books have really only circulated in scientific circles and academic markets. The theory and arguments around it are much too technical for nonscientists."

This second universe, said Hoyle, where these powerful minds originally came from, is much like ours and yet on a totally different plane.

"It is probably three-dimensional like ours and may even have a fourth and fifth dimension which breaks the time and space barriers that restrict us.

"But their laws of chemistry and physics are no doubt completely different from ours because they are a much more advanced type of intelligence.

"They seem to be totally free of any physical restrictions, such as bodies. They are like pure thought and can be anywhere at any time they please."

Hoyle pointed out that this intelligence probably controlled our complete evolution and continues to control our minds. All of what man has built and become, was done because of the tinkering of these intelligent forces.

"And the weirdest thing about it," said Hoyle, "is that at times they actually appear in physical forms.

"In this way they have been responsible for almost all of the legends in different countries which are scoffed at today. They also had a hand in the different things which were discovered in only some parts of the world and not others."

Astrophysicist Hoyle, who is known throughout the world as one of the best, could not give concrete details about the intelligence.

"They are so different from what we know," he said, "that to try and describe them in language that everyone would understand would be impossible."

Hoyle said that teams of philosophers and linguists (language specialists) had described them fairly well, but only in technical terms. Mathematicians also have had success in drawing a verbal picture of the creatures, but only in numbers.

Hoyle then explained that they had the power to appear anywhere as anything.

"They take any shape or form. They can appear as a tiger in one place or a person in another. They can appear as a gas or a cloud or anything that can be seen by the human eye and even in some forms that cannot be seen by the naked eye."

Hoyle said that the most recent documented incident of their appearance was the sea.

"Dozens of ships were following something on the sonar. It was traveling at 250 knots and 20,000 feet deep. There is nothing on earth that can go that fast and that deep."

The biggest problem about informing the public, said Hoyle, is with the government.

"The only reason I called this press conference is that no government in the world would release this information.

"They fear panic among the people. They think that if the people know that some intelligent force is controlling them they will no longer listen to the governments.

"For these reasons, all information has been suppressed and hidden."

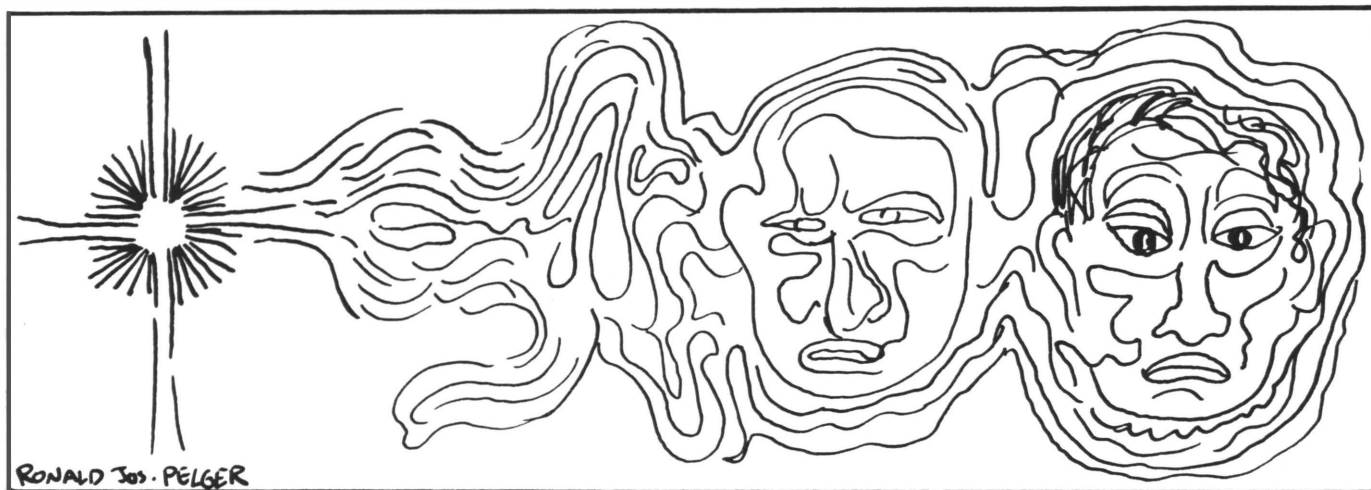
Hoyle said that he didn't expect many people to believe everything he said at the press conference.

"Most people--well, not most--many people will think that this is a half-brained theory and just laugh it off. Others will be worried and check with police or governments.

"Naturally the government will deny everything.

"But most scientists were notified weeks ago and agreed that it would be a good thing to at least get the story out and let the public chew on it.

"A little at a time, most facts will be released until everyone has access to all the information which is now only in the hands of scientists and government officials."

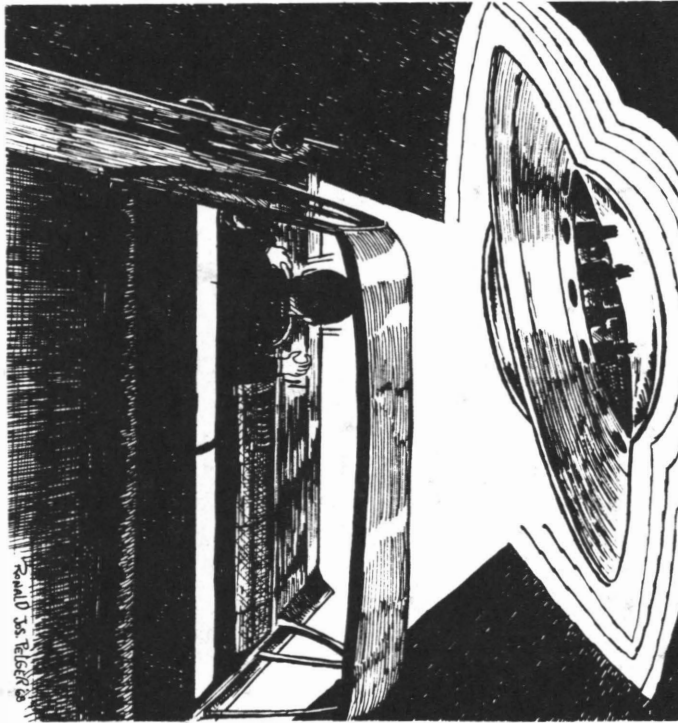


(THE ILLUSTRATED UFO MAGAZINE)

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DIGEST

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